

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

OLD PARR LIVED SO LONG, LANDLORD

REFUSED

TO PUT UP WITH IT

by ANDRE THORNWOOD

CAN you imagine anyone living so long that his landlord refused to grant a renewal of his lease on the ground that it was time the tenant was dead?

This happened in the case of Old Parr, who is buried in Westminster Abbey under a stone which records that he had lived in the reigns of ten monarchs — Edward IV to Charles I inclusive. He died at the age of 152, and is regarded as the oldest Englishman who ever lived.

Thomas Parr was a bachelor until he was eighty. Then, getting reckless, he married Jane Taylor, and they had two children, both of whom died in infancy. But Old Parr continued to live merrily.

He buried his first wife in 1595. He married another, Jane Lloyd, ten years afterwards—and he buried her, too.

When he was about 130 he was taken to Whitehall to see Charles I. The King said: "You have lived longer than other men, but what have you

done more than other men?"

"Ah," quoth Old Parr, "I did penance in 1588 in a white sheet at Alberbury Church for being father to a bastard child by Catherine Milton. I was a hundred at the time."

The King laughed merrily, and Old Parr added, "Them as lives longest knows most."

He was born in 1483, according to tradition, in a village near Shrewsbury. In 1518, his father, John Parr, died, with four years of the lease of his holding to go. So Thomas Parr took on the four years.

In 1522 Parr got a twenty-one-year lease. In 1543 he obtained another 21-year lease of the holding. In 1564 he obtained another.

In 1585 the grandson of the original landowner came down to say that he couldn't get another extension, as four such leases had already been granted. So Parr asked if he

could have a lease for the remainder of his life.

The then landlord went away to consider this. When Parr's wife saw the owner returning she told her husband, who was then blind.

The owner entered and said that he would give Parr a life lease, thinking he would be dead before many months.

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF.

After the formalities were gone through Old Parr said to his wife before the owner, "Isn't that a pin lying near my foot?" She said, "Yes, Tom, it is a pin." And she picked it up and handed it to him.

The owner, who had been told that Parr was blind, was staggered.

But the pin incident had been a trick on the part of Old Parr. He had asked his wife, when they knew the owner was coming, to lay the pin there and pick it up as related. This was to "take the wind out" of the owner—after the life lease was granted.

As a matter of fact, Old Parr enjoyed the life-lease for fifty years afterwards, and the owner was long dead when Parr threw in his checks.

In 1635, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, when visiting his estates near Shrewsbury, heard about Old Parr and called on him. He found Parr getting feeble, but still full of vim, and he determined to bring "this aged man"—Parr was then 152—to London.

They went by litter in easy stages, and after being at Court, Old Parr was exhibited at the Queen's Head Inn, in the Strand, for several weeks, so that people could come and look at him. He enjoyed their curiosity.

But London did for him. The change of diet, the excitement and bustle of the crowds, got on his nerves. He withered and died.

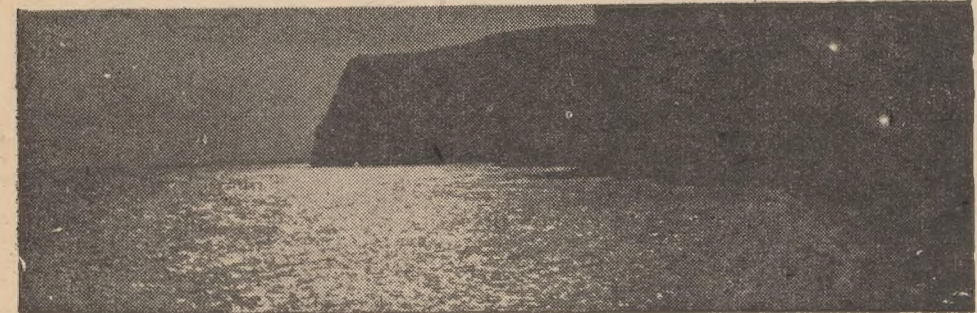
William Harvey, the famous doctor who discovered the circulation of the blood, examined Old Parr's body on November 16th, 1635, with others of the King's physicians. He was surprised at the condition of the old man's frame.

"The cause of death," reported Harvey, "was chiefly the change of air. . . . All the internal parts appeared to be healthy, and had nothing happened to interfere with the man's habits of life, he would have lived some time longer."

All that was wrong with Parr, indeed, was that he sometimes forgot the exact date of happenings. He would say, "That was a hundred and ten years ago," when it was one hundred and twelve.

But who wouldn't make a trifling slip like that after a life of a century and a half?

Beneath The Surface



To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the
night the day,
Thou canst not then be false
to any man.

Shakespeare.

OF course, we all know the lines; they were drilled into us at school as being the basis of a true, honest code of living. But, come to think of it, from what you know of life . . . do you really think that if you were true to yourself, the very fact that you were not false to any man would guarantee that you were living a life of anything but selfishness?

Being true to yourself might mean admitting certain desires . . . confessing certain weaknesses . . . being true in so far as you owned to possessing those traits . . . BUT . . . even though that automatically made you true to others . . . the truth about yourself might be damned unpleasant.

And . . . as a matter of actual fact, you would not be true to others, but simply NOT FALSE in so far as you had not misrepresented yourself to them.

The man who says openly "I'll get you sooner or later" is being true to himself inasmuch as he is saying what he fully intends doing . . . and the person to whom he addresses the threat has no illusions either that he is hearing the truth . . . BUT you can't call that being anything but a damned scoundrel, even if it is true speaking.

Oh, no . . . the only thing about being true to yourself is that you do not deceive others . . . they have the advantage of being forewarned . . . and that is about all.

UNPLEASANT TRUTH.

And sometimes even that is a disadvantage.

For instance, living with a person who continually threatened reprisals . . . and meant it . . . would hardly be conducive to peaceful living; in fact, about as comfortable as being in a dark cavern with a man-eating tiger.

With AL MALE

And living with a woman who "always speaks her mind" (in which she may be definitely true to herself) can hardly be classified as ideal fancy for the peace stakes.

Surely what Shakespeare meant was "To thine own self be true" certainly . . . but for Heaven's sake, having found your faults, try to rectify them, and then, in addition to "not being false to any man" you actually become a something worth while in the construction of decent humanity.

Being true to yourself and discovering that your true self is nothing to write home about, doesn't get you anywhere unless you go about the difficult task of improvement.

Admittedly, it is a shade better than being deceitful, in fact many shades better, because other people are not taken in . . . they, at least, have their eyes open . . . but if many of us were true to ourselves we'd find ourselves friendless, except for the possibility of "birds of a feather gathering together" . . . ending up like the two crooks who went blind watching each other.

Yes . . . let's be true to ourselves by all means, but let us start right away to knock off the sharp edges which hurt those with whom we come into contact.

Let us realise our ideas are not always correct simply because they are OURS, and that our aims are not necessarily high because they get us to the top of the ladder over the prostrate bodies of others.

I hardly imagine there is a man on this earth "truer to himself" than Adolf Hitler . . . I am convinced there is not a man on this earth who

has accumulated as much hate against himself.

The people who are true to themselves and reveal themselves as complete scoundrels, must be dealt with by others, if they cannot improve their own ideas.

There must be a basis of judgment, of course.

Law itself is instituted to prevent the "true to themselves" from becoming a nuisance to the community . . . most criminals think they are wiping out an injustice to themselves when they commit another crime. And in some cases even Justice can be misinterpreted so that the innocent are punished, and almost forced to develop a distorted view against the world at large.

The only true basis, of course, is Truth and Righteousness.

We get back to the same source every time, because there is no other true foundation.

A thing is either right or it is wrong, kind or unkind, mean or generous, and a mean person is mean whether he admits it or not . . . he is just as detestable.

Let us be true to ourselves, by all means, but, having assessed our value, let us not refuse to consider the advice of others who have our best interests at heart.

Such a person was Jesus Christ.

He alone, had no personal interest. He stood to gain nothing for Himself.

He was true to Himself, true to His Heavenly Father, and true unto death for us all.

We may not aspire to His heights, but, even if we make an effort, some good will come of it.

And if millions of us make the effort, then the goodness will be multiplied by millions, and the benefits distributed.

Being true to oneself might not help a soul, but being true to Him who is Truth . . . well . . . that truthness could NEVER be hurtful to anyone.

Decidedly the reverse, in fact. Cheerio and Good Hunting.

NEWS FROM THE HOME TOWN

GOOD BAR HERE.

ANY submariner passing that way may like to look in at the new Merchant Navy House in Leith. There's a grand bar (but no foot rail!)

It is made of red brick and white plaster is the bar, and you get your tippie and take it to small tables at which are comfortable chairs. There are reading and writing rooms, comfortable lounges, billiards and other games, and meals are good and moderately priced.

S. SHIELDS SKIPPER.

FOR forty years Mr. James Grey has been Superintendent of the Shipping Federation at South Shields, where, in

his office overlooking the river, he has had dealings with the men who go down to the sea in ships. Always he has shown a sympathetic interest in their welfare.

A few weeks ago he decided to retire from his position, which, when he was appointed, made him known as the youngest Federation "Super."

Still keeping an active interest in the men of the sea, he still wanders down the Mill Dam to see the old faces. . . .

PIONEER DRIVER.

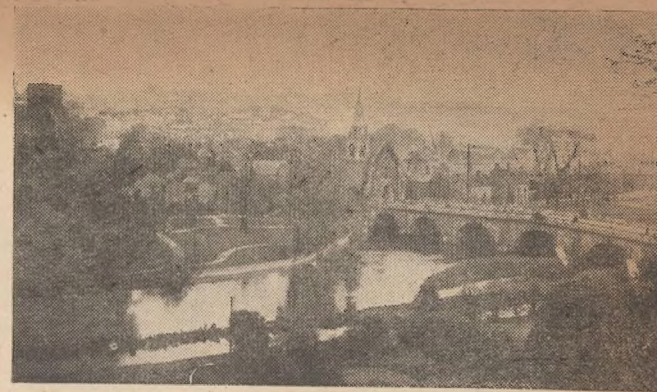
MUCH has been said about the conductresses on the buses in Britain these days, even bus-driving women. But

the saying goes "There's nothing new under the sun."

Mrs. J. Ellwood, of Annfield Plain, Co. Durham, has been driving buses for many years between Dipton and Stanley. Even before this she was driving in the Burnhope district. In fair weather and foul, she is always at the wheel.

NELSON TABLE.

A TABLE given by Lord Nelson to his friend, Sir Alexander Davison, of Felton, has been presented to the Masters of Trinity House in Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was handed them in memory of Capt. R. Mathews, a former ship's captain, and pilot master of Ambie Harbour.



S.P.O. SIDNEY WHITE

HERE'S JOHN AND

HIS RABBIT

DOES the rabbit surprise you, Sidney? Well, your wife has started an enterprising rabbit farm.

She's got no less than sixteen already—and they'll be marketed pretty soon now. As you can see from the white beauty that John's got in his arms, they're pretty good specimens.

John's looking well, isn't he? Your wife tells us he's getting on fine at school, and the eye-

strain, for which he wore glasses for a short time, has now entirely cleared up.

All's well at home, and your wife's father and mother are keeping fit and smiling.

Here's the particular message your wife asked "Good Morning" to send you:—"God keep you. All our love."

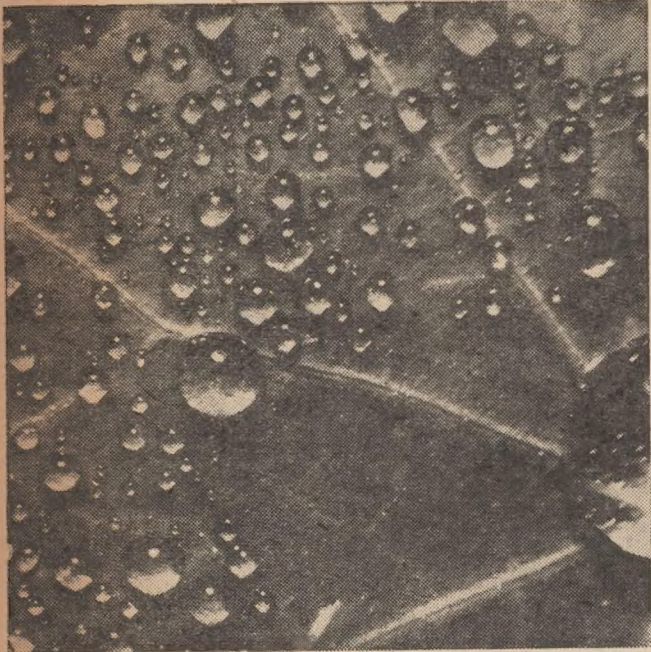


TO ALL OF YOU

Ron Richards, whom many of you submariners know, tells us that you don't like writing in to "Good Morning" because you are shy! Rally round; let's know what you think of "Good Morning"—and send in your contributions.

This is YOUR paper—and YOU can help us make it better.

SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's Picture Puzzle. Last week's was a section of a hard-boiled egg.

MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

THE SNEAK RAIDER

IN spite of the rattle of the potato-riddle and the presence of three men, some half dozen linnets had kept around the potato clamp each day, pecking busily amongst the straw for any small seed that was lying about.

They got so used to the men and the machine that they would scarcely flutter aside whenever a man stepped away from the riddle.

Then, one day, the sparrow-hawk came. He flew swiftly along—keeping low down under the opposite side of the

look best out-o'-doors," he said. "Best way to rear a young linnet," broke in the third man, "is to tie it to the nest and let the old birds rear it till it gets strong!"

"And anyone who rears birds I that way aint fit to rear nothin!" added Jesse.

"No, but it is done—used to be a reg'lar thing!" went on the man who was sorting out; and added slyly, "an' I guess you done it afore to-day, Jesse!"

"Not since I wer' a nipper," answered Jesse defensively. "I own to havin' tied 'em down



hedge, then suddenly darted over, and swooped down on the unsuspecting linnets, in the usual sneaking sparrow-hawk way.

Jesse shouted, "You-eel!" and the sparrow-hawk swerved quickly aside and disappeared over the hedge. But one linnet had not escaped unhurt, and lay helpless on the ground.

Jesse picked it up and examined it. "No bones broke," he said, "only winded," and presently the unfortunate linnet opened its eyes, gave a few promising gasps and returned to life.

It cocked its head aside as though wondering how it came to be resting in a man's hand, gave a flutter and a chirp, and made a hurried flight down the hedgerow.

"Thought you'd ha' adopted it as a pet, Jesse!" remarked one of his companions as they resumed their work on the riddle.

Jesse, who was "weighing off," grinned. "I a'lus reckon wild flowers and wild birds

to my younger days—blackies, too."

"And caged 'em and hung the cage near the nest for the old uns to feed," added the other man, recalling the days when bird catching was a "business."

"Well, times have altered for the better since then," said Jesse, "and birds aren't half as timid o' men as they used to be!"

"Not!" agreed the man who was filling the riddle, "but I'll bet we shan't see them linnets here again—they'll suspect us along wi' the sparrer-hawk!"

Next day, the linnets returned, tweeting and pecking away as though nothing had happened, only they kept closer to the three men with the potato-riddle, in case the sneak-raider came again.

"Birds knows!" said Jesse, as he went out riddling, "and since caged birds went out of fashion, they've begun to reckon us up as bein' different to hawks and 'maggies'."

THE MYSTERIOUS DEW-PONDS

By J. S.

Newcombe

We have no waters to delight
Our broad and brookless

vales;
Only a dew-pond on the height,
Unfed, that never fails.

KIPLING was right in saying that dew-ponds—those pools on the tops of hills where the cattle drink—never fail, not even in the severest droughts. But why they don't is a mystery no one has yet solved.

Dew-ponds were made in England before the Romans came. They were known, it is said, in the Neolithic age.

The name implies that they depend upon dew and not entirely upon rain for their maintenance. Physicists disagree about this, but the weight of evidence goes to show that dew does not, in fact, contribute appreciably to the supply of water in the ponds.

A further point is that a new dew-pond needs to be filled artificially first, as it will not function by a natural accumulation of water.

You'd think that these posers might easily be answered by the men who construct the ponds.

Through the centuries there have been only a few men who knew the secret of making them—a secret closely held, and handed down from father to son.

Mr. Jack Smith, of Old Basing, near Basingstoke, claimed a few years ago that he and his brother Tom, who



lived at Whitwell, in Hertfordshire, were the last two men in England to know the secret.

His family had made dew-ponds for 250 years. Jack plied his trade like any other tradesman. He said that, "with clay, lime and straw, I produce clearer and better water than all your pumps and artesian wells." Anyone who has seen a dew-pond will agree that the water is gloriously clear.

America offered Jack a fortune to reveal his secret, but he refused it.

Brother Tom said it wasn't necessary to fill new ponds artificially first. Nor had they always to be built on hillsides to catch the dew. He built many in the valleys.

This much he revealed about his work. He made a saucer-shaped depression in

the earth, then lined it with a layer of clay, then straw, then more clay, finished off perhaps with a sand facing.

The clay was puddled—a process of treading down by horses and men, which changes the clay's nature.

"The only secret about dew-pond making," he said, "is to know when the clay is properly puddled. It takes days and days."

One explanation of how this works was given by Dr. A. J. Hubbard and his brother, Mr. G. Hubbard, F.S.A., in their book, "Neolithic Dew-ponds and Cattleways."

"If such a structure," they wrote, "is situated on the summit of a down, during the warmth of a summer's day the earth will have stored a considerable amount of heat, while the pond, protected from this heat by the

non-conductivity of the straw, is at the same time chilled by the process of evaporation from the puddled clay.

"The consequence is that during the night the moisture of the comparatively warm air is condensed on the surface of the cold clay."

"As the condensation during the night is in excess of the evaporation during the day, the pond becomes night by night gradually filled."

Let the physicists argue out if there's dew in a dew-pond, and if so, how it got there.

Great men from Aristotle to Wordsworth believed that dew fell from heaven.

Anyone who has walked the hills in high summer and drunk cool refreshment at the rim of one of these pools would be well content to believe the same.

SCIENCE IS IN FERMENT TO-DAY

By T. S. Douglas

PENICILLIN, the new drug, many times more powerful for certain purposes than the "sulphur" drugs which have saved so many lives in recent years, is derived from a mould. It is a mould not unlike that which appears on bread if you let it go "bad," or on your shoes if you put them away in the dark when they are wet. And it is only one of many moulds which are being harnessed by scientists to produce new substances or old substances very much more cheaply.

"Let it get mouldy," in fact, is rapidly becoming a slogan of research workers!

There are hundreds of different moulds in the world, most of them with long Latin names, and scientists are only beginning to discover their possibilities. With closely allied ferments, bacteria and yeasts, they may become one of our important sources of supply.

Moulds have long been used in making certain foods. The particular flavour of gorgonzola or Rochefort is due to a mould not very different from that which produces penicillin.

But it is only in comparatively recent years that scientists have discovered the particular moulds responsible for producing the flavour, and have thus been able to control the manufacturing process.

CASTING THE MOULD.

Moulds are very like plants. They grow from "seeds" planted in suitable "ground," develop like plants, flower, cast new seeds, and finally die. Given good "ground," they do it very quickly, and the process can be watched through a microscope.

Even before the discovery of the great bactericidal properties of penicillin, moulds were hard at work producing useful substances, some on a large scale.

A notable one was citric acid. This acid has a number of uses, from medicines to flavouring mineral waters, for which purposes large quantities are used. For-

merly the citric acid was obtained almost wholly from lemons.

A German chemist named Wehmer some years ago discovered that a certain mould growing on a solution of sugar turned the solution sour. He found the sour taste was due to citric acid, being manufactured by the mould as it grew.

The commercialisation of this process took many years before it reached success in the U.S.A.—growing a mould in a test tube and growing it on the scale necessary in a factory are very different.

To-day the U.S. produce about 10,000,000 lbs. of citric acid a year by setting moulds to work on all kinds of food, from sugar-beet pulp to potatoes.

The process has to be carefully controlled, for, given a free hand, the mould may produce the poisonous oxalic acid instead of citric acid.

Another useful substance manufactured for us by moulds is gluconic acid, not long ago a chemical rarity, costing about £20 a pound to manufacture.

Its value lies in the fact that when it is combined with calcium, the calcium takes a form in which it is easily absorbed by human beings, cattle, and, in fact, all animals. Calcium deficiency is the cause of several difficult diseases in human beings, and salt of calcium and gluconic acid is the remedy.

LIME FOR LAYERS.

It is also the remedy for milk fever in dairy cattle, and would probably be the easiest way of ensuring the hens got their full amount of "lime."

Manufacture of gluconic acid by moulds working on a corn sugar solution brought the cost down with a bang.

Indeed, it seemed there might be a surplus of this once-precious chemical, but new uses for it were quickly found. It is now used in certain metal

manufacturing processes, in toothpastes and in tanning.

Another mould when growing on corn sugar produces lactic acid, a chemical which has uses from the manufacture of sauerkraut to medicine. Others, given suitable food, produce fats, complicated chemicals extremely expensive to manufacture, and alcohols.

Hundreds of substances have been produced by moulds in the laboratory which have not yet been commercialised.

One of the difficulties is that the moulds grow only on the surface of the food, and therefore an immense number of shallow pans are required for large-scale manufacture.

The discovery of ways in which moulds can be made to grow under the surface will see the commercialisation of many processes at present restricted to the laboratory.

Research workers have been trying artificial feeding of the moulds with compressed air, combined with continual stirring by machine, with some success.

MYSTERIOUS KILLER.

The United States has now four large laboratories devoted to the study of moulds and the products that they can make, especially from surplus farm produce.

It was in one of these laboratories that a new food for penicillin which enormously increases the yield was discovered. The discovery was "accidental," as was the discovery of penicillium notatum, the mould that gives penicillin.

The mould was isolated by Dr. Alexander Fleming through noticing that certain bacterial growths in cultures in a laboratory were being killed.

The research worker set to work to discover what was killing them—and found penicillin, produced, perhaps, as the result of stray spores floating in through the window.

The future of this new science opens up enormous possibilities.

We may discover how to utilise the bacteria which enable certain insects to digest wood, and thus turn sawdust into cheap food. We may find new and cheaper ways of producing synthetic vitamins—a close relation of vitamin C was produced accidentally by contamination of a promising substance in a laboratory.

Some 2,000 strains of mould are now under observation, and when they have all been tried with many different foods we may have scores of revolutionary methods of manufacturing chemicals.

Puzzle Corner

Hidden here are the names of some well-known flowers. Can you find them? The letters are in the right column, but not in the right line.

D R R E G D E E
F L V I O O S D
M L E E B T I S
P A I M L D L A
B C F M I O I S
L W E G A P U R
S O U B T O E E
S A X F R E V L
G A A E N O L L

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS CRYPTOGRAM?

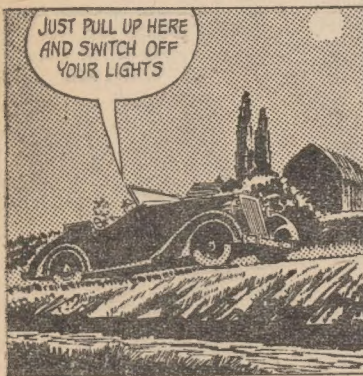
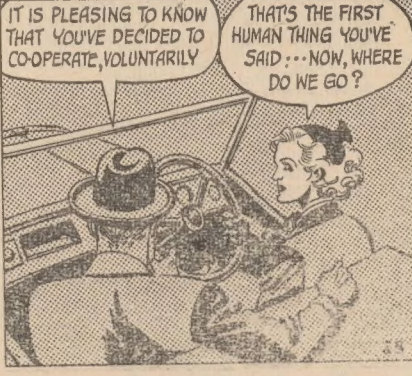
V XZVNSEVCOZ EBRZX
SA AOZVN DN HSSF ASX V
FSH.

(Solutions in S 36)

B	E	N	A	R	E	S
C	A	L	I	C	U	T
R	A	N	G	O	O	N
A	L	I	G	A	R	H
A	S	A	N	S	O	L
B	A	S	S	E	I	N
K	A	R	A	C	H	I

Solution to Puzzle in S 34.

BUCK RYAN



MILLIER'S SPORTING FLASHBACK

GREYHOUND racing, in spite of all the war-time difficulties, is flourishing as never before. All previous records have been surpassed, and there is no sign of any slackening off.

The companies owning the tracks are making plenty of money and are handing over a goodly portion to Inland Revenue in the form of Entertainment Tax, Income Tax and Excess Profits Duty.

This in itself is sufficient answer to all those people with blunt axes to grind who tried all they knew to get the sport banned at the start of the war. It is all very well to try to argue that people should not spend their money in this way.

If greyhound racing had been stopped altogether, instead of being restricted to one meeting a week, it does not follow that any of this money thus expended would have gone into war savings. It would possibly have gone into something from which the country could have derived no benefit by way of taxation.

TRAINERS' TROUBLES.

Trainers of greyhounds have a particularly troublesome time to try to keep their charges fit for racing in these times. The absence of experienced kennel lads is only one of the problems. So many of the trainers are in the veteran stage that they cannot be as active as they would wish.

Then feeding is one constant worry. The greyhounds must not be fed on anything that is fit for human consumption, and as the kennels are frequently visited by inspectors attached to this Ministry or that, there is little likelihood of black-market transactions going through without detection.

I, for one, do not envy the conscientious greyhound trainer these days. He has had plenty of worries, and will no doubt get plenty more before the sunny days of peace return.

Still, if he can hang on, he must realise that he is sure of prosperity for some considerable time to come. After the war the vast majority of people will want to banish depression, and sport is a good antidote to the blues.

IRISH HAY-MAKING.

That there will be a pronounced shortage of first-class greyhounds for the first year or so after the war goes without saying. Due chiefly to the feeding difficulty, most of the English, Welsh and Scottish breeders have had to shut down, and thus leave the Irish breeders a clear field to reap a very good harvest.

There was always a keen demand for the best Irish greyhounds, but nowadays quite ordinary performers are fetching the prices usually paid for outstanding racers.

It will all level itself in time, and, provided too many of the leading sires do not die off too soon, our home breeders will once more be able to compete on level terms. The greyhound has improved in speed since he has been bred from record-breaking track champions.

One of the big arguments coursing enthusiasts brought to bear, when attempting to stifle greyhound racing at the start of the new sport, was that the breed would deteriorate.

For centuries only the best blood was perpetuated for coursing greyhounds, and the die-hards of the coursing world simply could not, or would not, visualise that the track authorities would breed their future track racers with the same care.

During the early hours of greyhound racing the coursing discards found their way into the racing kennels, but they were not used for breeding unless they had accomplished something noteworthy on the track.

The artificial shortage created by the war has meant that greyhounds are kept on the active list when they would otherwise have been retired, and once more the coursers that are not good enough for coursing are finding their way on to the smaller tracks.

This probably is of no great moment so far as war-time race-goers are concerned, but to those who have the best interests of the sport at heart, it is a retrograde step.

Lest any animal lovers may jump to the conclusion that it is cruel to keep greyhounds racing up to an advanced age, I will reassure them in advance that it is nothing of the sort.

The greyhound is born to race and chase. It is his sole joy in life. He will chase any moving object—a piece of paper caught by the wind, falling anything else. If he could talk, he would tell you that he wanted to race until he could no longer stand on four sound legs.

THE UNHAPPY WARRIOR.

A friend of mine had a grand old racer which had won him many prizes. He thought the world of him and did all he could to make him comfortable at home, but it was useless.

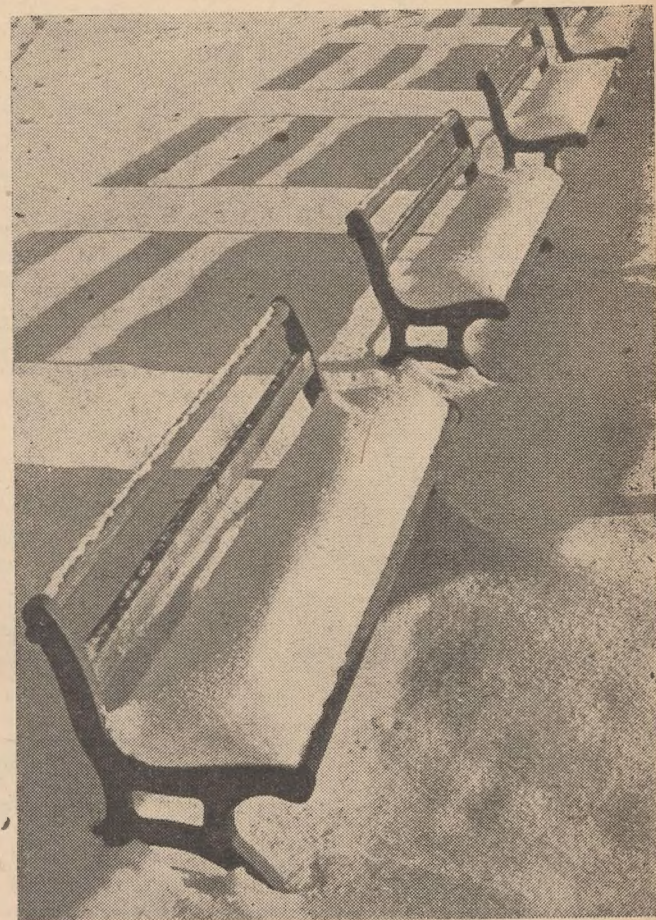
The greyhound was so unhappy that he refused to eat, and looked so woeful, that in desperation the owner took him back to his old trainer for advice.

Directly the greyhound saw the old kennels he wagged his long tail and conveyed volumes to his owner. My friend gladly paid the kennel fees to keep the old warrior happy, although he would never again win a prize.

W. H. MILLIER

Good Morning

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WINTER AT HOME

